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That Mr Arthur Sullivan is making these entertainments far more noticeable from a strictly musical point of view than they have ever been before is unquestionable. Nor can any one feel surprised, inasmuch as, arguing from his antecedents, had he not received authority from Messrs Gatti to regulate the programmes according to his judgment, he would on no account have accepted the post of conductor. While varying these by a sufficient quantity of light *ad captandum* pieces, instrumental and vocal, chosen so as to meet all fancies, Mr Sullivan imparts artistic interest to every concert through the prudent admixture of works of another order—works that help to refine the taste no less than please the ear of attentive listeners. The idea of giving one of the symphonies of Beethoven on each successive Monday, is a happy one, and likely to prove more and more attractive. Last Monday, for example, a very fine performance of the "No. 2" (in D) was heard, with close attention and evident pleasure, by a large majority of the promenaders—not to speak of those who comfortably seated could follow it out at their ease. The execution was admirable, and each of the four movements was warmly applauded, the unceasingly melodious *larghetto* in A major (no wonder) finding most general recognition. The overtures to *La Gazza Ladra* and *Masaniello*, each an example in its way, as well as the prelude to the third act of *Lohengrin*, and Mr J. F. Barnett's introduction to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, were included—Mme Montigny-Rémaury playing Mendelssohn's *Capriccio Brillante* for pianoforte with orchestra even better, if possible, than on the first occasion. The selection was from Gounod's *Faust*, in which solos for flute, oboe, clarinet, ophicleide, and cornet-à-pistons, comprising the most engaging melodies in that popular opera, were assigned to Messrs Radcliff, Horton, Lazarus, Hughes, and H. Reynolds, professors, without exception, of high repute, the band of the Coldstreams taking part, and especially distinguishing themselves in the famous march. The singers were Mdle Alma Verdin, Mmes Rose Hersee and Antoinette Sterling. The vocal pieces of most interest were Mr Sullivan's "Orpheus and his Lute," charmingly sung by Mme Hersee, accompanied on the pianoforte by the composer, and "The Lost Chord," a setting of Adelaide Procter's stanzas, "Seated one day at the Organ," which won for Mme Sterling an "encore" not to be readily declined—though we must admit that the conductor does all in his power to avoid "encores," which, like those unmeaning "recalls" for singer after singer, player after player, whether they are or are not about to sing and play again, prolong the duration of the concerts inconveniently and to no purpose. If the audience are satisfied their applause should be enough to show it.

The programme of the second "classical concert" on Wednesday was as happily selected as that of its precursor, a week before. The first part opened with Weber's always welcome overture to *Der Freischütz*, and closed with Mendelssohn's symphony in A major (the "Italian"), one of the most spirited and genial inspirations of the master. How bright and fresh its sounds, although some forty-five years have passed since it was first performed at the Philharmonic Concerts, under the direction of its author, all lovers of music must be conscious; and why it was never produced in Germany, or elsewhere, during his life time, or why it remained unpublished until after his death, has yet to be explained. Mendelssohn, whose thoughts were engaged during his stay at Rome in 1831, simultaneously upon the *Hebrides* overture, the *Walpurgis Nacht*, the Scotch symphony (in A minor), and the Italian symphony, says of the last, in a letter to his sister Fanny:—"The Italian symphony is progressing rapidly; it will be the most spirited piece I have yet composed, especially the last movement. I have not decided about the *adagio*, which I think of reserving for Naples." He wrote, however, no *adagio*, but, instead of it, the *andante con moto*, which has as little of the Neapolitan about it as can well be imagined. We could hardly have wished for a better performance than that of Wednesday night. Mr Sullivan timed each movement precisely as Mendelssohn would have done himself, and the advantage of the *finale* being taken at a less prodigious speed than is too frequently the custom—which means "*presto*" as marked, instead of "*prestissimo*," as not marked—brought with it incontestable advantages. Instrument after instrument could play its allotted part with the utmost ease, point, and clearness, and the "*ensemble*" fared all the better. We

remember some time since, at one of the excellent concerts of Mme Viard-Louis, in St James's Hall, that Mr Weist Hill, their conductor, adopted the same view, and with the same result. The three preceding movements were also manifest gainers through a similar wise precaution, most of all, perhaps, the mysterious *andante con moto*, in D minor, where the words "*con moto*" are so often interpreted irrespectively of their comparative significance, just as "*sforzando*," the emphasis of some particular note, or chord, is as often enforced precisely in the same degree when the context is "*piano*" as when it is "*forte*," without considering the relative value of the position in which it may be placed. In short, the performance of the A major symphony under Mr Sullivan's direction was one not easy to forget, and being appreciated accordingly, the applause at the end of the *Saltarello* (the *finale*) was more than ordinarily loud and unanimous. At this concert Mme Montigny-Rémaury achieved a new and well-merited success with Beethoven's early pianoforte concerto in C, forerunner of the priceless series in the fourth and fifth of which Beethoven (as in the *Eroica Symphony*), forgetting all about Haydn and Mozart, proclaimed himself the independent Beethoven to whom the art is indebted for so many original and enduring masterpieces. This concerto has been very seldom heard of recent years, and Mme Montigny deserves credit just as much for her spirit in reviving it as for the irreproachable manner in which she executed it from beginning to end. Although, compared with subsequent efforts in the same direction, it looks comparatively easy upon paper, it is by no means easy to render with point and accuracy. Beethoven, in his younger days, like Mozart before him, was more than a match for the expertest "*virtuosos*" of his time, and the music he composed at that period offered difficulties to the most renowned among them. That he would have been satisfied with Mme Montigny's performance of his concerto we feel assured, particular as he was, according to the testimony of his pupil, Ferdinand Ries, with regard to minute details. In whatever depended on mechanical adroitness Mme Montigny was perfect, while her reading and phrasing, simple, natural, and telling, devoid of the least semblance of forced expression or affected sentiment, were all that could be desired. To say that her delivery of any special movement was preferable to the rest would be invidious, seeing that each one of the three in its way was quite as satisfying as its companions. Thus the talented French artist earned a new and legitimate tribute of applause. Among the singers at this concert was Miss de Fonblanque, who gave with quiet expression "*Voi ce sapete*" from Mozart's *Figaro*, and "*Rose softly blooming*" from the English version of Spohr's *Zemire und Azor*, which so much resemble each other both in melody and style of accompaniment, that one might fairly imagine Spohr had been dreaming of Mozart's incomparable canzonet before he put his own tuneful and highly finished song to paper. Mr Edward Lloyd selected "*Oh! 'tis a glorious sight*," from *Oberon*, which, though composed by Weber for the elder Braham, is much inferior to the original air in the score, the leading theme of which is to be found in the overture. Mr Lloyd also gave Mendelssohn's "*Garland*" (to the same words as those of the elder Horaley's glee, "*By Celia's arbour*"), brought forward so often as to warrant the query whether among all the many *Lieder* of Mendelssohn this is the only one suited to a tenor voice. Mr Lloyd, excellent artist as we know him to be, is better informed. It is as though Mozart had composed no other air to suit a tenor than "*Dalla sua pace*." The second part included a "*selection*" from Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera* and a minuet from one of Boccherini's quintets, executed by all the stringed instruments. In the old English ballad, "*Sally in our alley*," Mr Lloyd, accompanied by the always-ready M. Marlois on the pianoforte, created a genuine sensation; why then, when called upon unanimously to repeat it, did he, in lieu of obeying the evident wish of the audience, substitute another ballad, "*The blue Alsatian mountains*," in its place.

The concert on Saturday night was full of interest. It began with a fine performance of Mozart's overture, to *Die Zauberflöte*, which again won Mr Sullivan the approval of connoisseurs for the judicious *tempo* adopted in the most important movement, the *allegro*, where Mozart shows himself supreme emperor of counterpoint. Instead of the absurdly quick *tempo* we are accustomed to, Mr Sullivan adopted a more moderate pace, and the consequence was that every point of the fugal development—theme, answer,

counter-theme, episode, &c.—came out with surprising clearness. In fact, this magnificent overture could not have been better rendered. The contrast between the elaborate prelude to so fantastic a rhapsody as *Il Flauto Magico* and the charmingly simple overture to Auber's charming opera, *Le Philtre*—built on the same subject as Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*—was not more striking than grateful. They exhibited two distinct phases of art, and there is no reason why both should not be estimated at their proper worth, despite the "de la musiquette" of poor Georges Bizet, and the teachings of Richard Wagner, who wishes to omit actual existing humanity from the opera of the future and to limit it to the exposition of such myths as *Tristan*, the *Ring des Nibelungen*, and his last extraordinary production, *Parsifal*. At any rate, both overtures were thoroughly enjoyed. The concerto was Mendelssohn's No. 2 in D minor, which M^{me} Montigny-Réaury played as she had already played the *capriccio* of the same composer—a less difficult though certainly not by any means easy task. In the vigorous opening *allegro*, the finely expressive *andante*, and the sportive and brilliant *finale* the lady was equally at home, showing herself in each an artist of the highest pretensions. As M^{me} Montigny-Réaury is about to play the concerto of Schumann in A minor, we shall have another proof of her versatility. Meanwhile she has deservedly obtained general acceptance as a pianist with few superiors at the present time. An *entr'acte* from Gounod's pastoral opera, *Colombe*, the pretty *gavotte* from the *Mignon* of Ambrose Thomas, and the popular march from Sir Michael Costa's *Eli*, were also included in part I., the singers being M^{lle} Verdini, M^{me} Edith Wynne, Miss Anna Williams, and Mr Maybrick. In part II., there was a selection from *Der Freischütz*, with solos for violin, flute, ophicleide, and cornet (Messrs Burnett, Radcliff, Hughes, and Reynolds), as well as a solo for flute—the late Mr. Richardson's variations on "There's nae luck about the house"—given in admirable style and with remarkable *finesse* of execution by Mr J. Radcliff, leading flautist at the Royal Italian Opera, and greatly applauded. With such excellent soloists in his orchestra it would be wise of Mr Sullivan to afford them more frequent opportunities of display.—*Times*.

COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.—These entertainments are being carried on in the same spirit of enterprise with which they began. The pledges of the prospectus are maintained to the letter, and the public has every right to be content. The third of the Beethoven Symphonies, the immortal *Eroica*—which was originally christened, "Buonaparte," but from which we are told that, upon hearing the news of Napoleon's having taken the purple, the composer indignantly tore away the title-page, exclaiming, "He shall not have my symphony!"—was just as admirably executed, under the direction of Mr Arthur Sullivan, as its two precursors, in C and D. Again the times of each movement were so judiciously taken by the conductor that clearness and precision were as noticeable in the performance as unflagging spirit. Although this great work takes up no less than three quarters of an hour, it was listened to with marked interest by a crowded audience, the promenaders for the most part appearing to be quite as much pleased as the tenants of stalls and boxes. At the third "classical night" (Wednesday) the symphony was Haydn's famous old "Military," which, though time has dealt with it less leniently than with either of the other grand symphonies in the same key (G), can never be unwelcome, when so effectively rendered as on the present occasion. At the same concert M^{me} Montigny-Réaury, who had already added the second and most difficult concerto of Mendelssohn (D minor) to her successes, was quite as happy in the A minor concerto of Schumann, which she played magnificently, accompanied by the orchestra in perfection. No applause could have been more genuine and unanimous than that which greeted the conclusion of the performance. On Monday the fourth Symphony of Beethoven (B flat) is to be the conspicuous feature of the orchestral selection.—*Graphic*.

ST PETERSBURGH.—The Italian company for the approaching season here and in Moscow includes Signore Albani, Donadio, Harris, Volpini, Gini, Cottino, Cepeda, Salla, Mantilla, Scalchi, Paska, Lopez, Girotti; Signori Masini, Marini, Bolis, Silva, Bassini, Savelli, Cotogni, Maurel, Padilla, Saveli, Medini, Ordinas, Dalnegre, Scolara, Carolli, and Ciampi.

Anmerkung—Bemerkung.

(From our Oppenheim-Worms Correspondent.)



Munich.

The three Royal Opera houses have been re-opened on the 1st of August. At the Hoftheatre, with *Tannhäuser*, and the usual cast:—Vogl, Kinderman, M^{lle}s Schefzky and Vogl.

Schubert's sister.

The only yet remaining sister of Franz Schubert died on the 7th August. Therese Schubert obtained the age of 77, and of the nineteen there only remain two alive—Andreas and Hermann, the last one being a priest of the Scotch Order.

Paris.

The Russian Concerts at the universal exhibition are to be held positively. There was a doubt of the coming off, at first. Nicolas Rubinstein is elected by the musical committee in Moscow to conduct these Concerts. About 100 Russian musicians and ten singers of the Imperial Chappel are to be elected to try the contest. Amongst Russian national music the well known Russian Hymns are to be sung. The dates are to be the 7th 14th and 21st September.

Madrid.

Spain has lost one of his most illustrious composers Don Hilario Eslava, who died. Born in 1807 at Burlada in Navarre, he became Chorister at the Capella and afterwards Maestro di Capella, later he was called to Sevilla from where he sent many compositions into the world, again he left and went to Madrid, where he became director of the Conservatorio and conductor of the Court Concerts. Eslava besides composed two Operas and a highly valued Method on Harmony Contrepoint and Fugue. He died in high honour much regretted by his numerous pupils and admirers.

Berlin.

The announcement of the forthcoming Concert of the American musicians under the direction of Mr Gilmore attracted a large audience in the Kroll's Theatre. The orchestra arrived and performed with military punctuality and was very warmly received by the Berlin public.

Oppenheim on the Rhine.

The Cologne Männergesangverein (Choral Society) gives a grand Concert of various choral compositions at the Katherinenkirche (a very ancient Cathedral) for the benefit of the building itself. The Cologne Choral society is well known in London by their Concerts in 1857 under the direction of the late Herr Franz Weber.—*Signisimunt Lchmeyer*.

To H. Sutherland Edwards, Esq.

A PASTORAL SONG.*

I.	III.
How bright was my youth's early morn! Ere reflection had clouded my brow, I selected the rose from the thorn, And was happy I hardly knew how. I join'd in the sports of the plain, With rapture I heard the bright song; In the dance I was first in the train, And was gayest among the gay throng.	But all these fair visions of youth, Disappointment has chas'd from my mind, And the friends whom I fancied all truth, Alas! can be sometimes unkind. I have seen the bright azure of morn With darkness and clouds shadow'd o'er! I found that the rose had a thorn, Which will wound when its bloom is no more.
II.	IV.
'Tis true, my heart oft breathed a sigh, But it rose from mild pity alone; If a tear sometimes stray'd from my eye, It flow'd not for grief of its own. No sorrow corroded my heart, No falsehoods awaken'd a tear; For my bosom, a stranger to art, Believ'd every friend was sincere.	The sigh that from sympathy rose Now heaves not for other's alone, And the tear, as it silently flows, Confesses a source of its own.

* Copyright.

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

SHAKSPERE IN BLACKFIRARS.

(From "The Theatre.")

In the year 1576 it was decreed by the Lord Mayor of London that no players should ply their avocation within the boundaries of the city, and the principal theatrical company of the time, the "servants of the Earl of Pembroke," with James Burbage at their head, obtained possession of, and set up a theatre in, a portion of the Blackfriars monastery. Here, it seemed, they would at once be near the centre of activity and beyond the reach of persecution. Their new home was singularly rich in historical associations. The monastery was built by the Black Friars in the last quarter of the thirteenth century, on a piece of ground granted to them at the instance of the then Archbishop of Canterbury. This ground, on which the Roman wall had stood, was found to be insufficient for their purpose, and to give them more room the Tower of Montfichet and several houses on the Baynard's Castle side were pulled down. The building appears to have extended from the site of Apothecaries' Hall to Thames Street, covering what is now known as Printing House Square. The work finished, the friars repaired in solemn procession from their old place in Holborn to their new quarters. Before long fortune began to smile on the new monastery. Every immunity which religious institutions could enjoy was accorded to it. Edward I. and his Queen enriched it in various ways. Royal charters and records were committed to the care of the friars. The church, which was elaborately ornamented, became a fashionable place of interment, and it was believed that Satan had no power over the souls of persons who were buried at Blackfriars in the habit of the order. The founder of the monastery, Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, and his wife, Margaret, sister of Alexander II. of Scotland, found their last resting-place here; also Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, beheaded in 1470, and Tonchet, Earl of Audley, beheaded in 1497. In the reign of Henry VIII. the monastery acquired additional importance. There the Black Parliament was opened, the question as to Katharine of Arragon's divorce considered, and the fall of Wolsey in part accomplished. Then came the suppression of the monasteries, and on the 15th of November, 1538, the revenue of the Black Friars was surrendered to the king by "Bishop Fisher and fifteen brethren." The prior's lodgings and the hall were sold to Sir Francis Bryon, but in 1551 Edward VI. granted to the Master of the Revels, Sir Thomas Cawarden, the "whole house, scite or circuit, compass and precinct." From that time Blackfriars assumed a new aspect. Fashion made it her chief resort; crowds of richly-dressed ladies and gentlemen repaired thither every afternoon in their gaily-painted barges or coaches. Here and there, perhaps, a friar appeared on the scene, mournfully contrasting the pomps and vanities he saw before him with the odour of sanctity which formerly prevailed in the precinct. But another blow was in store for these holy men. Sir Thomas Cawarden had been succeeded in the tenancy of the once monastic building by Lords Sussex and Hunsdon, and certain rooms near their own were now assigned to Master Burbage and his players for purposes theatrical.

The new theatre was not established without a struggle. The Dowager Lady Russell, Lord Hudson, and twenty-eight inhabitants of the liberty of Blackfriars immediately presented a petition to the Privy Council praying that Burbage might be forbidden to erect a playhouse there. Great annoyance, they said, would be occasioned, "not only to all the noblemen and gentlemen thereabout inhabiting, but also a general inconvenience to all the inhabitants of the same precinct, both by reason of the great resort and gathering together of all manner of vagrant and lewd persons, that under colour of resorting to the plays will come thither and work all manner of mischief, and also to the great pestering and filling up of the same precinct if it should please God to send any visitation of sickness, as heretofore hath been; for that the same precinct is already grown very populous." Moreover, the playhouse being near the church, divine service would be interrupted by the "drummes and trumpettes." The petition had no effect, probably because Lord Sussex, the Chamberlain, was on the side of the players. The Lord Mayor, in order to put a stop to the performances, claimed jurisdiction over the precinct, but without success. The early history of the theatre is involved in obscurity, but it is known that Lely's *Alexander and Campaspe* was played there in 1584, and in Stephen Gosson's *Plays Confuted in Five Actions*, supposed to

have been published in 1582, we are accidentally told that "a great many comedies" had been represented "at the Black-Fryers." It is easy to believe that Peele, Kyd, Nash, and Greene were among those who wrote for this theatre, although many of their earlier productions have not been preserved.

It was at one time supposed that Shakspeare had a share in the Blackfriars Theatre as early as 1589, but the document on which this supposition was founded proves to be a forgery. Be that as it may, he had come to London two or three years previously, and if it is true that he turned an honest penny by holding horses at a play-house door, it was only in aristocratic Blackfriars that he could have had the chance of doing so. By the year 1596 he had won some reputation as a playwright and an actor, and had acquired a pecuniary interest in the theatre. In that year the building was found to be in a dilapidated state, and preparations were made to repair it. Thereupon the unworthy inhabitants of the precinct again besought the Privy Council to suppress the play nuisance. The theatre on Bankside, erected in 1594, would meet, they thought, all the requirements of the playgoing community. Immediately afterwards a counter-petition was sent from the Blackfriars Theatre, signed by Hemings, Pope, Richard Burbage (son of the founder), Kempe, Phillips, Shakspeare, and Tooley. In the result the restoration of the building was not interfered with. Many plays known to students of our old dramatic literature were produced here, such as Johnson's *Poetaster* and *Cynthia's Revels*, Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois*, and Marston's *Malcontents*. Some of these pieces were played by a number of youths who on the accession of James I. received the title of "Children of Her Majesty's Revels," and were authorized to play "within the Blackfriars." The Globe was a summer and the Blackfriars a winter theatre, but in the year 1604 they were open at the same time, a fact which leads us to think that while the regular actors were in Southwark the Children of the Revels were playing on the northern bank of the river. In 1609, after representing Jonson's *Epicene*, the younger actors migrated to the Whitefriars Theatre, probably to the intense satisfaction of Shakspeare and his colleagues.

In imagination we see the author of *Hamlet* as, clad in doublet and hose, with a rapier at his side, he leaves the Mermaid in Friday Street and walks leisurely to the theatre to make himself a "motley to the view" in his character of an actor. A man of medium height, with long auburn hair and short pointed beard and moustache of the same hue, light hazel eyes, and an abnormally lofty forehead. His demeanour is dignified and even grave; but the animated expression of his face leads you to suppose that he has just been engaged in a "wit comb" with rare old Ben. There is a something about him which impresses you in spite of yourself, and many glance back at him as he passes along. He halts for a short time in Ireland Yard, for it is in that now dingy quarter that he resides. His house "abuts upon a street leading doune to Pudle Wharf," St Andrew's Hill, "in the east part, right againe the King's Majesty's wardro'e." The distance between it and the theatre is less than a hundred yards. What does he play this evening—*The Ghost in Hamlet*, or Adam in *As You Like It*? Each of these characters is associated with his name. There is no direct evidence that any of his plays were originally produced here, though a good case might be made out in support of the theory that *Hamlet* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, to say nothing of other plays assignable to a period anterior to the building of the Globe Theatre, first saw the light in Blackfriars. But we have lost sight for a moment of Master Shakspeare. He is now entering the stage door of the Blackfriars Theatre. It is nearly three o'clock; the first of the three trumpet-blasts which announce a performance is given, and a flag is run up on the roof of the building. While the actor is dressing we will take a glance at the interior of the house. Lords and ladies of the Court sit in the boxes or at the side of the stage; cavaliers unaccompanied by ladies stretch themselves on the ground and call to their pages for pipes and tobacco; the playgoers who pay the lowest price for admission are standing at the back of the house. The performance commences, the scene of action, in default of movable decoration, being written in chalk on a board at the side of the stage. There is no roof to the house, and when the sun goes down the candles will be lighted. Presently Master Shakspeare appears. He meets with a hearty reception, for he is immensely liked at Court, the nobles and wits

and poets of the time are attached to the man and proud of his friendship, and as an actor, in the words of Lord Southampton, "he is of good account in the company."

Having amassed a comparatively large fortune, Shakspeare retired to Stratford-on-Avon to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*, but is said to have revisited London every year. In 1619, three years after the poet's death, the city authorities had the temerity to close the theatre. They soon found themselves in the wrong box, and the licence was formally renewed. Ten years later a company of French actors hired the theatre and put on a farce in which the female characters were played by women. This was too great an innovation; and the foreigners, as we learn from a paper discovered by Mr Collier in the Primate's library at Lambeth, were "hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage." In 1631 the Puritans in the precinct presented a petition to Laud, then Bishop of London, as to the injury and inconvenience occasioned by the numerous coaches. The Privy Council determined to shut up the theatre, but on reflection contented itself with issuing regulations that the coaches should not be allowed to go nearer the place than St Paul's Churchyard on the one side and Fleet Conduit on the other, and should be driven away as soon as the occupants had alighted. The long-sought suppression of the playhouse, however, was only deferred. Like all other places of amusement, it was closed in 1642, and for good in 1647. Meanwhile another part of the old monastery had been converted into the royal printing-house, and here it was that the Prayer-book in which the seventh commandment appeared as "Thou shalt commit adultery" was published. The whole of the monastery was reduced to a heap of ashes by the Great Fire, which raged in Blackfriars with particular fury. The printing-house was rebuilt by Charles II., but after standing for seventy-six years it shared the fate of its predecessor, and a third was erected in 1743. Entick, writing in 1766, speaks of the new office, which was built of red brick, as being "accounted the most capacious and commodious of its kind in the whole world;" what would be said of it now! It was situated at the end of "Printing-house-court," which by some demolitions was converted into a square. It was in 1873 that the premises passed into the hands of the founder of the *Times*. Many interesting discoveries have been made in Printing House Square. Four pewter cases, with rings at the tops, were once found in a recess. Each contained a human head, probably the last existing remains of a friar executed for high treason. Twenty or thirty years ago, under the *Times* office, some workmen came upon a portion of the Roman wall, surmounted first by a reparation in Norman, and then by the remains of a passage and window which had belonged to the monastery. Nothing connected with the Blackfriars Theatre, I believe, has been brought to light. For a relic of Shakspeare we would part with even the friars' heads and the fragment of the Roman wall; but it is at least some compensation to know that in passing through Playhouse Yard—a thoroughfare near Printing House Square—we cross the site of a theatre for which he worked, and in which, I am tempted to think, his *Hamlet* was played for the first time. FREDERICK HAWKINS.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

A sudden hoarseness which seized Mlle Daram, the new Ophelia, immediately after the revival, last week, of Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, at the Grand Opera, rendered the other two performances announced for the week impossible. Though the press generally is rather hard upon him, M. Bouhy got through his task as well as could reasonably be expected. The part of Hamlet is a difficult one, historically as well as vocally; and a similar consideration applies to Mlle Daram, who, as the ill-starred heroine, had to brave comparison with such an artist as Mme Christine Nilsson. However, she passed the ordeal with credit. Mlle Bloch was a lovely and majestic Queen. M. Altès officiated as conductor, instead of M. Lamoureux, still prevented by illness from resuming his post. The painters are at work upon the scenery of *La Reine Berthe* and that of the new ballet, the earliest novelties after Gounod's *Polyeucte*. During the performance of *Hamlet*, an Englishman among the audience observed a fact which had previously passed unnoticed, and which, perhaps, may not prove unimportant acoustically. We all know that, when the curtain is down, the difference of temperature behind the scenes and in front of the house causes the curtain to bulge. Now the Englishman in question remarked that the curtain at the

Opera bulges inwards, that is, presents a convex surface towards the stage, exactly the reverse of what is usually the case. The conclusion seems to be that, when the curtain is raised, the current of air at the Grand Opera is directly opposed to the singer's voice, instead of assisting to carry it towards the front, as in other theatres. The strange discovery is one which will probably be turned to account by M. Garnier, architect of the house. The first theatre the Grand Duke Constantine visited, after his arrival last week, was the Opera. He was in M. Halanzier's box last Saturday to witness *Le Roi de Lahore*.—Among recent visitors here have been Mme Christine Nilsson, Sir Julius Benedict, Miss Minnie Hauk, Signor Ardit, Mdle Anna di Belocca, and Mr Mapleson. Herr Senf, editor of the *Leipsic Signale*, is also here. During his absence from home the publication of the paper is temporarily suspended, a charmingly convenient arrangement, when the subscribers are willing; unfortunately for editors, Germany is probably the only country where they are so obliging.—The Théâtre de la Renaissance was closed one evening last week, so that the company might give a performance of *Le Petit Duc* at Deauville. The first two hundred performances of the work brought in 851,234 francs.—Another laureat at the Conservatory, M. Guitry, who took the second prize for comedy, has imitated the example set by Mdle Vaillant, and, disregarding the claims of M. Perrin of the Comédie Française, closed with the manager of the Gymnase. Government has resolved once for all to show that the pupils of the Conservatory cannot set at naught the obligations to which they subject themselves on entering the institution, and will take legal proceedings against M. Guitry, as they already have done against Mdle Vaillant.

BUT A DREAM.*

(Impromptu for Music.)

"But a dream! a mere dream, and no more?
Is the wail of full many a heart,
When Hope's reign of delusion is o'er,
And her joy-gilded visions depart.
It is hard for the heart to believe
They're but spectres alone that remain;
It is useless to bid it not grieve,
While its mem'ries cling round it in pain.

"But a dream! when I still see him kneel,
And his passion vows fall on my ear,
Till I quiver beneath the appeal
That woke ecstasy deep, but no fear!
But a dream? while I hear ev'ry tone
Of that dear voice float tenderly by,
All love-fraught as it mounts to Love's throne,
Born aloft on Love's tremulous sigh!

"But a dream! and yet round me again
Scem his arms in their close embrace thrown!
O be still! I'm but madden'd by pain—
I am not—no! I cannot be lone!"
Hush thy wail, Love hath breath'd its farewell;
See, afar on Fate's swift rushing stream,
Float the dead bnds you deem'd immortal,
As you wove them for crown in YOUR DREAM.

* Copyright.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

MR J. VOLLAIRE gave a "dramatic festival" at the Angel Institution, Brixton, on Thursday evening, August 20. *Simpson & Co.* was the first piece. Mr Voltaire played Simpson and Miss Sophie Fane was Mme La Trappe. Both parts were well acted. The entertainment concluded with the "Screen scene" from *The School for Scandal*. There was a vocal and instrumental concert between the two comedies, the singers being amateurs, and the pianist Miss Lily Newman, who played with great effect a brilliant piece by the late J. Ascher (composer of the popular romance, "Alice"), entitled "L'amour du passé" (idylle), and one of Chopin's waltzes. The dramatic part of the entertainment was under the direction of Mr Græme, the musical part under that of Mr Charles E. Stephens.

* It is a great pity. There will be much tray and teen. It is a very great pity. If the voice of Herr Senf were quenched, his pen inkless, his *lingua* parched, what would become of us! We shall now for a time get no "Plauderein." It is a sad—a fearful—circumstance, or catastrophe.—D. P.

The Birth of Dundreary.

(From "The Theatre.")

The piece known as *The American Cousin*, by Tom Taylor, was put in rehearsal. I was cast for the part of Lord Dundreary, a fourth-rate old man, only forty-seven lines. I refused the part, but finally agreed with Mr Burnett, the stage manager, to play on the condition that I should *entirely re-write it*. Miss Keene was also full of objections, which, however, she finally yielded. In re-writing the part, I threw into it everything that struck me as wildly absurd. There is not a single look, word, or act in Lord Dundreary that has not been suggested to me by persons whom I have known since I was five years of age. It has been frequently said that I have cut the piece down for the purpose of Dundrearyising the performance. This is not true. I have simply cut out the cellar scene, a drunken act, which was never popular, and so re-arranged the play, that instead of seventeen scenes, which it had when it came from the hands of the author, it is now in four acts of one scene each. My part the first night was by no means a pronounced success. In fact, it was two or three weeks before the people began to understand what I was about. I had acted so many serious parts before, that the public evidently considered that every tone of my voice ought to be pathetic, just as they now seem to think that every tone represents some mad eccentricity.

"How," I have been asked, did you happen to hit on that strange hop, skip, and jump business, which has been made so effective in your delineation of the character?" "Why," I reply, "it was the simplest thing in the world; it was a mere accident. I have naturally an elastic disposition, and during a rehearsal one cold morning I was hopping at the back of the stage, when Miss Keene sarcastically inquired if I was going to introduce that in Dundreary. The actors and actresses standing around laughed, and taking the cue I replied: 'Yes, Miss Keene; that's my view of the character.' Having said this I was bound to stick to it, and as I progressed with the rehearsal I found that the whole company, including scene-shifters and property-men, were roaring with laughter at my infernal nonsense. When I saw that the public accepted the satire, I toned it down to the broad caricature which may be seen at the present day by anyone who has a quick sense of the absurd."

You remember that in one act I have a by-play on my fingers, on which I count from one to ten, and then reversing, begin with the right thumb and count ten, nine, eight, seven, six and five are eleven. This has frequently been denounced by critics as utterly out of place in the character. But I took the incident from actual life, having seen a notoriously clever man on the English turf, as quick as lightning in calculating odds, completely puzzled by this ridiculous problem. My distortion of the old aphorisms has likewise been frequently cavilled at as too nonsensical for an educated man. Now see how easily this thought was suggested. A number of us some years ago were taking supper in Halifax after a performance, when a gentleman who has now retired from the stage, but who is living in New York, suddenly entered the room and said: "Oh, yes, I see; birds of a feather," &c. The thought instantly struck me on the weak side, and winking at my brother actors, and assuming utter ignorance, I said: "What do you mean by birds of a feather?" He looked rather staggered and replied: "What, have you never heard of the old English proverb, 'Birds of a feather flock together?'" Everyone shook his head. He then said: "I never met such a lot of ignoramuses in my life." That was my cue, and I began to turn the proverb inside out. I said to him: "There never could have been such a proverb—birds of a feather! the idea of a whole flock of birds having only one feather! The thing is utterly ridiculous. Besides the poor bird that had that feather must have flown on one side; consequently, as the other birds couldn't fly at all, they couldn't flock together. But even accepting the absurdity, if they flocked at all they must flock together, as no bird could possibly be such a fool as to go into a corner and try and flock by himself." Our visitor began to see the point of the logic, and was

greeted with roars of laughter. I made a memorandum of the incident, and years afterwards elaborated the idea in writing Dundreary. I have quires upon quires of memoranda of a similar character; but whenever I play the part the public seem so disappointed at not hearing the old lines that I fear I shall never have the opportunity of getting them to accept what would really be a much better version.

E. A. SOTHERN.

Dialogue after Lucian.



At the "Savage Club"—MR HENRY HERSEE in the Chair.

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Did you read Dwight, Feb. 5.
 DR PURPLE POWIS.—Of Boston?
 MR BAYLIS BOIL.—"Mass."
 DR PURPLE POWIS.—New England "Athens?"
 MR BAYLIS BOIL.—I was talking to D. Peters about it.
 DR PURPLE POWIS.—What said Peters?
 MR BAYLIS BOIL.—"Poughkeepsie."
 DR PURPLE POWIS.—Where Bülow played.
 MR BAYLIS BOIL.—And astonished the natives.
 DR PURPLE POWIS.—Of Poughkeepsie?
 MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Precisely.
 DR PURPLE POWIS.—Fanny Raymond Ritter, &c.
 MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Exactly.
 DR PURPLE POWIS.—*Poughkeepsie Daily News*?
 MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Assuredly.
 DR PURPLE POWIS.—What more said Peters?
 MR BAYLIS BOIL.—"High falutin—'Poughkeepsie' tyre."
 DR PURPLE POWIS.—Whither drifts the musical tendency of the U. S.
 MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Towards the subversion of music.
 DR PURPLE POWIS.—Fanny says Bach was no conservative, and no "truly great composer ever was."
 MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Fanny talks nonsense. No "truly great composer" could be anything else.
 DR PURPLE POWIS.—Beethoven's "No. 9" is on the same plan as Haydn's "No. 1."
 MR BAYLIS BOIL.—More episodes and largier developed.
 DR PURPLE POWIS.—Incontestably.
 MR BAYLIS BOIL.—That American talk about Liszt, &c., is —
 DR PURPLE POWIS. (interrupting him).—Gush.
 MR BAYLIS BOIL.—American gals visit Weimar?
 DR PURPLE POWIS.—And sentimentalize over the Abbate.
 MR BAYLIS BOIL.—*Heu cauda!*
 DR PURPLE POWIS.—*Cave canem!*
 MR BAYLIS BOIL.—*Fiddlistickie!*

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ANNETTE.

MARIE (*shade of*).

CLARA.

AGNES.

Hans re-tormented by the Petticoats.

To Montigny-Réaumur.

ANTOINETTE.

ARABELLA.

Shade of Madame Pleyel.—Est ce que l'on piano'e comme ça depuis mon absence ?

BIRTHS.

On August 15, at 45, Blandford Square, N.W., the wife of SYDNEY SMITH, Esq., of a son.

On August 15, at Denham Place, Bucks, the wife of B. H. W. WAX, Esq., of a son.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MINNIE SPINET.—No. Planté and Montigny-Rémaury.

SHAVER SILVER.—Prenez qu'elle l'a fait.

ROSE BUDD.—No. Caffarelli; or, Caffariello. "Caraffiello" was Mario's joke in the *Barbière*. Miss (or Mrs?) Budd (if "Miss," there should be only one "d" in her name) is also wrong about *La Schiava in Bagdad*, which is an early opera by Pacini—not Piccini, or Piccini, as he is diversely styled.

MR. DRINKWATER HARD.—Not in vino, but in a state of ecstasy. What says Albertus Magnus, in his famous dissertation, Sermo LIII.—"Qui ambulat in justitiis," &c. Read and expound. No, no!—it don't hit home. Be not so hard upon us, old Drinkwater. We shall write to *The Porcupine*.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1878.

Dilemma.



MANAGER.—No; you won't do, even on half terms. Your voice is in your boots. You are a *basso profundo* with no brains. Where are your brains?

[Exit HALF TENOR, speechless.]

MR. CHARLES LYALL has been to Paris to see the great International Exhibition.

MR. CARL ROSA's operatic tour in the country will commence in a few days.

MME. MONTIGNY-RÉMAURY returns to Paris immediately. Her stay among us has been too brief. She is a pearl of rare value.

MR. SOTHERN, after his return from America, re-appeared on Thursday night at the Haymarket Theatre, in his great creation, "Lord Dundreary." The house was crowded, the laughter incessant, and the applause enthusiastic.

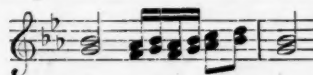
Signor Frappoli and Mme Pisani are engaged by Mr Mapleson for his American Operatic expedition.

BUENOS AYRES.—Juan P. Esnaola has just died here, aged seventy. The most celebrated of all Argentine composers, he studied in the Conservatories of Madrid and Paris.

To C'mairnmneine.

By DR SHORN (M.D.)

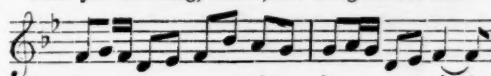
The Falcon can fly. Cross the Lake to Pílatas, the sempiternally cloud-covered. Be persuaded that *nuestros empeños* will always be at the service of *vuestras virtudes*. Eschew *Sur*. In the lake thereof are hideously big and abnormally configured fish. You remember the warning:—



On the summit of Pílatas you will come across a hermit of considerable hoariness, who may show you the *Queen* just after an eclipse of the Sun.



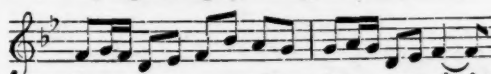
After you have sung, danced, and castagneted to him—



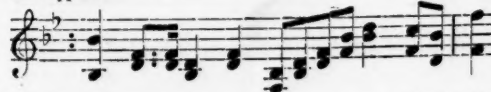
La, la, la, la, &c.
he will turn full moon into a half moon—



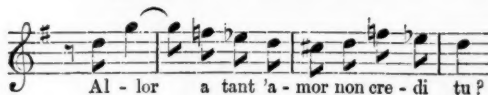
and while you go on singing, dancing, and castagneting—



La, la, la, la, &c.
—he (the hermit), believing himself transfigured into a military man, by the combined forces of F. C. B. and A. S. S. ("He's a military man, Rataplan!"), will be thinking of the *rappel*:—



Observing your anger at his attending to this *rappel*, instead of to your singing, dancing, and castagneting, he will (as a "military man") plead to you thus:—



Moral.

FAUT PAS S'EMBARQUER SANS BISCUIT.



Ghost of Geborgizetst.



Allons donc !



Ah ! Carmen !—mia Carmen adorata !

Der Vorhang fällt Schnell.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE visit of the Vienna Männergesangverein to Stuttgart is the twenty-eighth since its foundation. The most interesting of the twenty-eight trips were those to Passau in 1851, Nuremberg in 1861, Trieste in 1862, Oedenburg in 1863, Klagenfurt in 1864, Dresden in 1865, Gemunden in 1867, Salzburg in 1868, Villach and Klagenfurt in 1869, Regensburg and Passau in 1872, and Venice in 1874.

M^{ME} MONTIGNY-RÉMAURY, the accomplished French pianist, her engagement with Messrs Gatti having expired, quits London for Paris to-day. Her stay here has been so agreeable to all whom she has charmed with her playing, that its brief duration gives the greater cause for regret. She will doubtless return to a country where her merits have been so warmly recognized, and if she is not heard at the Monday Popular Concerts this coming winter, Mr Arthur Chappell is hardly the far-seeing director we have always taken him to be, and in fact which, for some twenty years, by his able and spirited management, he has proved himself.

ORGAN "recitals" are now the chief sources of musical attraction at the Trocadero. Not only M. Guilman but M. Eugène Gigout and M. de Lange, Professor at the Cologne Conservatory, have performed on the new grand organ, built by Cavallé-Coll, which, the more it is heard, the more emphatically are its fine qualities proclaimed. The programme of M. de Lange's first "recital" was decidedly superior to anything that had preceded it, comprising not only examples from Bach and Handel, but from Mendelssohn's admirable six sonatas. That the organ music of Mendelssohn, who combined the contrapuntal mastery of the old school with all the charm of modern fancy, all the devices of modern ingenuity, carried away the palm, even in the face of Bach and Handel, is admitted on every side. In fact, Mendelssohn, the greatest organ-player of his period, was also the greatest composer for the organ. How he also contrived to become the greatest pianist, as well as the greatest composer for the pianoforte, in the course of his too brief career, it is difficult to explain.

PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—Mr and Mrs German Reed's performances on Thursday at the Pavilion, together with the large audiences that attended, "conclusively proved" that they still exercise an irresistible power over the public. On each occasion the programme included the comic vaudeville in two tableaux, entitled *Mr Doubleday's Will*, written by Mr F. C. Burnand, with incidental music by Mr King Hall. The trifle is a charming illustration of Mr Burnand's happy style of writing, and its interpretation evoked endless merriment. Mrs German Reed was as attractive as ever, and the other impersonators, including Miss Fanny Holland (Mrs Law), Miss Marion Dale, Mr Corney Grain, Mr Arthur Law, and Mr Alfred Reed, were all successful. The dramatic representation was followed in the afternoon by Mr Corney Grain's musical sketch, entitled *At the Seaside*, and in the evening, by his sketch, called *In a Country House*. Mr Corney Grain exhibited on each occasion a versatility of mimetic power which is very rare, and charmed his audience by his excellent singing and the ability with which he placed before them a large number of drolleries and curiosities.—*Brighton Guardian*.

BRIGHTON.—Mr Walsham's opera company gave their last performance on Saturday night. The operas during the week were *Martha*, *Faust*, and *Fra Diavolo*. On Monday Mr Henderson's company opened with the *Cloches de Corneville*. At the Aquarium last week the singer was Miss Emily Dones, who, at the "special concert" on Saturday, was associated with Miss José Sherrington, Messrs H. Pyatt, and J. H. Pearson. Mr Lindsay Sloper, our excellent pianist, played two solos, which were received with every demonstration of approval. Mr Maccabe commenced a "farewell engagement" on Monday.

The *fêtes* which were to be held at Boulogne-sur-Mer on the 1st and 2nd September in celebration of the laying of the foundation stone of the new harbour, have been postponed to the 8th and 9th September. The foundation stone will be laid on the 9th by M. de Freycinet, Minister of Public Works, and M. Léon Say, Minister of Finance.

PUBLIC AND POPULARITY.*

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

I.

"Schlecht ist nicht das Schlechte, denn es täuscht nur selten;
das Mittelmässige ist schlecht, weil es für gut kann gelten."†

So says a wise Indian proverb. Now who is the public to which the Bad, as well as the Mediocre, is offered? Whence does it derive its judgment for its decisions, and especially its recognition, so difficult apparently, of the Mediocre, since the Good is never offered it, but the mark of the Good consists in the very fact that the Good exists for itself, and the public, brought up in the Mediocre and Bad, must raise itself before it can approach the Good.

Now everything, save precisely what is good, has its public. Never will any one availing himself of the results of the Mediocre appeal to the body of those having the same interests as himself, but always to the *public*, by which he has to guide his course. Here is an example. Some time ago, one of my younger friends applied to the editor, now dead, of the *Gartenlaube*, with a request that the editor would accept an earnest rectification, written by my friend, of an article misrepresenting myself, my labours, and my intentions, and which, as usual, had found a place in that agreeable paper. The editor, who had achieved great popularity, declined to grant the request, because he had to take into consideration *his public*. This was, then, the public of the *Gartenlaube*: of a certainty no trifle, for I heard lately that the eminently respectable folk's paper boasts a tremendous number of subscribers. But, side by side with this band of readers, there is undeniably another public, not, at the very least, less numerous: the theatrical public, so immeasurably varied in its composition, of, let me say, Germany alone. We have here a strange state of affairs. Exactly like the editors and notice-writers of our large political papers, none of the theatrical managers who provide for the wants of this public, in about the same fashion, for instance, that the deceased editor of the *Gartenlaube* attended to the requirements of his readers, can abide me; they find it, however, profitable to present my operas to the public, and, when reproached by the others for doing so, excuse themselves on the plea that they are obliged to take their public into consideration. Now what relative position does the public of the *Gartenlaube* occupy? Which is really a *public*? This or that?

At any rate, there is great confusion here. We might assume that such an indefinite number of readers of a periodical did not really possess the character of a public, for they adduce no evidence of exercising an initiative, far less of having an opinion; while, on the other hand, their character is sluggishness, which, with easy-going wisdom, spares itself the trouble of thinking and judging, and this the more zealously and obstinately as the habit of long years has finally put the stamp of conviction on the exercise of sloth. But all this is different with the public of the theatres: the latter undeniably takes the initiative, and expresses itself most directly, often to the surprise of those interested, with regard to what it likes and what it does not like. It can be grossly deceived, and, as far as the papers obtain influence, especially upon theatrical managers, the Bad, and, strange to say, in a less degree the Mediocre, may frequently drag the approbation of a theatrical public deep down in the mud. But such a public knows how to raise itself out of its sunken position, and invariably does so immediately if it is offered something good. When matters come to this, everything like chicanery has lost all power against it. A well-to-do inhabitant of a small town informed a friend of mine some two years ago that he desired a patronage-seat at the Bayreuth Stage-Festival-Plays; he withdrew his request after learning from the *Gartenlaube* that my enterprise was a swindle to defraud people out of their money. At last, curiosity attracted him; he attended a performance of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, and declared in consequence to my friend that he intended coming to Bayreuth for every performance of the piece. He assumed probably that in this single instance the *Gartenlaube* had for once credited its public with too much, namely: with remaining unimpressed by the work of art performed before it.

This is something about the theatrical public. As we see, an appeal to it is possible; if it does not know how to judge, it re-

ceives at all events impressions directly, namely: by seeing and hearing, as well as by sensations of the soul. What renders a real judgment difficult for it is that its sensations can never be perfectly pure, because, under the most favourable circumstances, it is offered only the Mediocre, claiming acceptance as the Good. I said, in beginning, that the Good was never offered, and I seemed to contradict myself when I subsequently assumed that it really was offered, and took the liberty of citing as a case in point my Bayreuth Stage-Festival-Plays.

On this point I would desire to make myself understood. Without wishing to lay down a general principle, valid for all stages of civilization, I have now in my eye the present state of public art among us, when I assert that it is impossible for anything to be really good, if from the outset intended to be presented to the public, and if such intended presentation floats as a modifying element before the author's mind while he plans and carries out his work. That, on the other side, works which, as regards their origin and realization, were necessarily and thoroughly free from any such intention, are presented to the public notwithstanding, is a demoniacal stroke of fate, founded, however, in the deep necessity urging to their conception, a stroke by which the work must in a certain degree be relinquished by its creator to the world. Ask the author whether he considers his work as still belonging to him when it is lost in the paths in which we meet only the Mediocre, and moreover the Mediocre which gives itself out for the Good. A point not touched by the Indian adage quoted at the opening of this paper is that it is precisely the Good which enjoys publicity only in the shape of the Mediocre, and in this distorted form is offered to our judgment as something of the same kind as the Mediocre, because, in its pure form, the Good can as little be adequately manifested in this world as can thorough justice.

We are still speaking of the public of our theatres. The works of our great poets and composers are presented to it; these works certainly belong to the rare, nay only Good which we possess; but the very fact of our possessing and treating them as our property has, as far as we are concerned, thrown them into the common stock of the Mediocre. By the side of what other productions are they presented to the public? The mere circumstance of their being presented to us on the same stage as those other productions, and by the same performers who feel at home in the latter, and likewise the circumstance of our at last quietly accepting this degrading juxtaposition and combination show plainly enough that the Good in question appears capable of being rendered intelligible to us only when it is offered on the level of the Mediocre. The latter, however, is the broad foundation; for Mediocrity are the resources trained and exercised, so that it is more correctly and better rendered by our actors and singers, as is very natural, than the Good.

It was necessary for our investigation first to establish this, and there will not, I think, be much grounds for dispute as to the principle laid down, namely, that only the Mediocre is represented well, that is, conformably to its character, in our theatres, while the Good is represented badly, because in a manner calculated for the Mediocre. Anyone penetrating with his eye this veil and recognizing the Good in its true purity, can, strictly speaking, no longer be reckoned among the theatrical public of the day; though, and this, by the way, particularly distinguishes the character of a theatrical public, these exceptions are met with nowhere else, save precisely here; while to a mere reading public, especially a newspaper reading public, such a glimpse of the really Good will always be denied.

What now is the character of the Mediocre?

As a rule, we understand under this head that which does not offer us what is unknown and new, but, in a pleasing and agreeable form, what is already known. We might, in a good sense, understand in this category the product of *Talent*, if, regarding the matter in the same light as Schopenhauer, we consider *Talent* the hitting a mark which we all see but cannot easily attain; while genius, or the Genius of the Good, hits a mark which we others do not even perceive.

(To be continued.)

* From *Bayreuther Blätter*.

† "The Bad is not bad, for but seldom do we believe it;
The Mediocre is bad, since as good we may sometimes receive it."

Verdi has paid a short visit to Milan. Sig. Bevilacqua, also, was lately sojourning in the same city.

THE LATE CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—A short while since, on encountering some erroneous statements ventured in regard to the late Charles Mathews by a writer in a daily paper, I sought to correct publicly, in the interests of living people and in the interests of truth, these impressions. I addressed a letter to the Editor, with a correction from direct personal knowledge, but, although my name was placed to it as its guarantee, my letter was ignored.

Future "public opinion" is important in regard to "public people." Undue mistaken flattery to the dead is no praise—no justice to the dead. It wrongs *them*, while it *averts* or *diverts* justice sometimes from the *living*. I knew Charles Mathews well. I knew his first wife, Mme Vestris (a woman of surpassing accomplishments—nay, of genius)—well. It has been stated that the chief merit of the tasteful judgment which originated the splendid revivals distinguishing the management of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden in 1840-41-42 was owing to the "antiquarian and historical knowledge and art-sense of the late Charles Mathews." This is a fallacy. Charles Mathews—a very clever and accomplished man, but possessing no profound capabilities—was never serious in his life, except "serious in being never serious"—was no antiquary—no man of letters—no man with a grasp of history or of high art. Charles Mathews was—"Charles Mathews, an elegant comedian." That is all. It is much in its way; but not what some flattering people would try to make out. J. R. Planché and Mme Vestris were the contrivers of *all* that was beautiful on the Covent Garden stage of 1840-41-42. I (though a juvenile) was among them at that time, and saw the beginning of *Bouticault*.

It is stated that Charles Mathews' father advised his son's embracing the theatrical profession. Nothing of the sort. The father always opposed it as vigorously as he could.

In his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons appointed as the Commission of Enquiry into the State of the Stage Charles Mathews the Elder is reported as having said—"a dog of mine should not go upon the stage." So much for the correctness of modern instances, when "fast writers" become "fast fanciers." I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

Bargrave Jennings.

(Many years of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, who knew the late Charles Mathews, Mrs Charles Mathews (Mme Vestris) in her latter years, and all the persons spoken of except the Elder Mathews.)

Osmond's Exeter Club, Osmond's Hotel, Strand, 1878.

BELLS FOR ST PAUL'S.

For many years an impression has prevailed that the paucity of bells in relation to the clock of St Paul's Cathedral is due to architectural misgivings concerning the fitness of the north-west campanile to accommodate a full peal. To this erroneous idea, repeatedly expressed, a practical denial is given. Dr Stainer's efforts to obtain for the City's famed basilica a peal of bells that may challenge comparison with any in the world are on the point of realization. The distinguished organist, extending his musical functions beyond that sphere which he adorns so well, has succeeded in drawing to his aid the Corporation of London, seven of the Liveries, and that willing helper in all good works, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Hitherto, the great bell which tolls the hours has been supplemented only by two quarter bells; but the new peal, of which one bell has already reached the cathedral, will consist of twelve bells, weighing in the aggregate eleven tons. Messrs Taylor & Co., of Loughborough, from whose foundry came the new peals for Worcester Cathedral, and the recently-erected Town Hall at Manchester, have cast the bells which, in some six weeks from the present date, will chime over the City's highest ground. The largest, a tenor weighing three tons and three hundredweight, has been supplied at the cost of the Corporation. The next, weighing forty-five hundredweight, is the gift of the Grocers' Company; and then comes the No. 10 bell, weighing thirty-three hundredweight, bestowed by the Clothworkers; No. 9, by the Fishmongers; No. 8, by the Taylors; No. 7, by the Salters; the four next in diminishing size, by the Turners' Company and Lady Burdett-Coutts; and the two smallest by the Drapers' Company. Messrs Shaw, of King Edward Street, under the superintendence of the cathedral architect, Mr Penrose, have executed the alterations and fittings, which are very substantial and have entailed an outlay of about £1,000, donations towards defraying

which the Dean and Chapter hope to receive. Sir Christopher Wren, it is evident, contemplated the endowment of the bell tower with a full peal at some period; and his prevision has greatly facilitated the work, as well as contributed to the hopefulness of its effect. With a view to the reception of the bells, the great architect left a large opening in the centre of the stone concave roof at the base of the tower; and this erection has, it is believed a special acoustic virtue, due to the fact that its lofty superstructure is exactly of a kind to promise a vast open sounding-board to the detonations of the bells. These, as already intimated, will be hung in the northernmost tower, not in that which contains the clock. On one side of each bell is the emblematic device of the cathedral, the obverse bearing the arms and motto of the company presenting it, together with the name of the Master at the time of the vote, and, in the case of Nos. 6, 5, 4, and 3 bells, a similar record of the part taken by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

ANECDOTE OF DUPONCHEL.

M. Halanzier, as most of us know, is an Officer of the Legion of Honour. Previous managers of the Grand Opera have belonged to the Legion, but only as simple knights. In connection with this, the following anecdote is related about Duponchel, formerly joint director of the Opera with Roqueplan. One day, a dragoon—though it never was known how his services had been secured—galloped up the Rue Grange de Batelière, holding in his hand one of the long tin cases in which secret despatches are enclosed. "Can I see Monsieur Duponchel, Manager of the Royal Academy of Music?" asked the trooper. Informed that he was wanted, Duponchel went down, and signed a receipt, properly drawn up. The message announced that he had been elected member of the Legion of Honour. Thoroughly delighted, Duponchel sent to the Palais Royal for a yard of red watered ribbon, and then ordered, at the Café Anglais, supper for five intimate friends. After the lapse of half-an-hour, still dwelling on his good fortune, Duponchel was aroused by a knock at the door. A second packet was presented to him, containing a well-shaped cross of tin, with the inscription:—"From the corps de ballet to M. Duponchel." "This," thought the manager, "comes from some one envious of me." Whereupon another knock was followed by another packet, inclosing a chocolate cross of honour, with the inscription:—"Offered by frequenters of the orchestra at the Opera." Duponchel, now aware of an intended mystification, consulted an almanack, and read the date so dear to Parisians of that period:—"1st April, 1838." Five years later he discovered that the trick had been devised by his witty and persistent enemy, Nestor Roqueplan.

[If we read 1848, instead of 1838, the anecdote will be no less inexact. Théophile Gautier could have helped to unravel the mystery; so could Alexandre Dumas, the elder; so could Roger de Beauvoir; so could Alfred de Musset; so could Jules Janin, at whose apartments there was a breakfast; so could the Comte de Cléry; so could Rosine Stoltz, Nathalie and Carlotta Grisi; and so could the instigator of this imperfectly described "charge," which was concocted in a coach, with Roqueplan.—*Disbury Peters.*]

DRIFTING. *

(For Music.)

Drifting down in the quiet starlight,	Floating on while the dewdrops quiver,
Over the river's rippling wave,	Over the grassy banks above;
Gliding down as the gliding twilight	Drifting on while the sedges shiver,
Moves to its dark and silent grave.	Drifting on while the night-wind
Slowly the shadows fall and tremble,	rove.
Close to the banks that the waters	Silver bars of a silver moonlight,
lave,	Slant thro' shadows of silent grove.
Love no longer can love dissemble,	Lingering gleams of the lingering June-
Change we slowly from gay to grave.	light
You and I, my love, together,	Lighting the soft shy eyes I love.
How shall we name the magic	You and I, my sweet, together,
pow'r	Wrapp'd in the trance of our first
That drifts with us in the summer	love dream.
weather,	Oh! that we thus might drift for ever
And weaves its spells in the twilight	Love our pilot and Life our stream.

* Copyright.

RITA.

MUSIC AND MUDDLE IN GLASGOW.

(From "The Graphic.")

The committee of the Glasgow Orchestral Concerts seem to be at a loss for a conductor. Dr Hans von Bülow, according to the *Glasgow Herald*, "does not see his way" to accept the post; and if that be the case he shows wisdom in declining it. The committee are now in treaty with various foreigners, as if there was no such thing as an English conductor. Of course Dr Sullivan could not under any conditions again accept the place he once so honourably filled; and Mr Weist Hill, "our English Costa," as he has been justly styled, would hardly enter into the heads of the Glasgow burghers. Herr Richter, of Vienna, the great Wagnerian conductor, has been invited, and so has Sir Michael Costa (fancy Sir Michael!); but both turn a deaf ear to earnest solicitations. The matter now rests between Herr Max Bruch and Herr Tausch, who, the *Glasgow Herald* informs us, "is a gentlemanly musician." Does that convey a sly admonition to the occasionally over-energetic Dr Hans von Bülow? Signor Randegger, we understand, will go to Glasgow to direct a performance of his cantata, *Fridolin*. *Qui va si loin y reste.* (Who knows?)

STOP PRESS.

We have, at the eleventh hour (half-past ten), received the following from Glasgow:—

By F. C. Burnand's Private Wire.

"Herr Tausch of Düsseldorf has accepted the post of conductor of the Glasgow Orchestral Concerts."

Weist Hill, "our English Costa," and Randegger, our Bergamese Weist Hill, bow down your heads! Put on sackcloth and ashes, and eat hashes the while, well flavoured with onions, avoid marmalade, whiskey (except Irish), and had-dock.

By the way, the English equivalent for Tausch is *exchange*, and that for the verb active "täuschen," is to delude; so that, perhaps, the Glasgow burgomasters, feeling deluded, may be inclined to exchange Herr Tausch for Herr Weist, who, dropping the "t" in his name, and substituting "e," might adverbially *einen etwas weise machen*. There is no English equivalent for Randegger, except it be edgeharrow; but then we must harden the "g's," and drop the "r." Still Randegger being "Alberto," is the namesake of "Albert" of glorious memory—the truly great and good.

THEOPHILUS QUEER.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

We read the following in our excellent and always entertaining illustrated contemporary, *The Graphic*:—

"Our gifted countryman, Mr Arthur Sullivan, has been elected correspondent member of the 'Société des Compositeurs' in France—a distinction which was communicated to him by the President in a highly complimentary letter."

It may be added that Dr Sullivan is the first Englishman upon whom this honourable distinction has been conferred. *Va pour "la Belle France" et "la Belle Alliance."* D. P.

M. Chouquet, reporter to the musical jury at the Paris Exhibition, states that the prize-list will be published in the *Journal Officiel* in the course of next week. Mr Carl Rosa's arrangements do not permit him to visit Glasgow before Christmas. Mr Rosa's provincial season opens at Bristol on 3rd September, and will be continued in various towns till Christmas. Boxing week will be spent in giving English opera in Dublin. Mme Blanche Cole, Mr Ludwig, and Mr and Mrs Aynsley Cooke have left the troupe, and have been succeeded by Mme Vanzini, Mr Crotty, Mr Celli, and other artists. The leading novelties for the provinces will be Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, and Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* in English. Mr Carl Rosa secured last week in Paris the sole right to *Piccolino*, by Guirard and Sardou. This will be the leading novelty for his London season.—*Glasgow Herald*.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.

After a lapse of six years the Festival at Worcester is to be renewed in that cathedral next month, and will be held in the week commencing September 9. The circumstances which led to its suspension in 1875 and to the substitution of church services on two days by the Dean and Chapter are well known. The interposition of the Bishop of the Diocese has led to an amicable arrangement, by which, while the scruples of the objectors are respected, the festival from an artistic point of view will be conducted in much the same way as during the last century. There will be oratorios in the cathedral, and secular concerts in the College Hall; an opening service on Tuesday morning and a closing service on Friday night, free to the public, at which all the choral and instrumental performers assist. At the opening service, attended by the Mayors and Corporations of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, Handel's *Te Deum*, composed in celebration of the Battle of Dettingen, will be a leading feature; the closing one comprising a new service by the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, and a new cantata (or anthem) by Dr Stainer. The Bishop of Worcester will preach the sermon in aid of the charity for the Widows and Orphans of the Clergy of the three affiliated dioceses. The oratorios, &c., selected are the *Messiah* and *Elijah*, Part I. of the *Creation*, Mozart's *Requiem Mass*, Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, Dr Armes' oratorio *Hezekiah*, and Spohr's *Last Judgment*. The evening concerts, limited to two, one of them being given up to oratorio in the cathedral at reduced prices, in order to afford the educated middle-classes an opportunity of attending, offer no novelty. With the exception of Sir Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, set down for the first concert, the selections are of a miscellaneous character. The principal singers are Mmes Albani and Patey, Misses Anna Williams, Mary Davies, and Bertha Griffiths; Messrs E. Lloyd, Guy, Wadmore, and Foli. M. Santon leads the band, and Mr Done, organist of Worcester Cathedral, as usual, conducts.

ANECDOTES OF CHERUBINI.

Cherubini, M. Monselet informs us, was simply, in manner, a bear—a porcupine with his quills always bristling. There was no knowing how to deal with him. The Italian accent of which he never got rid imparted a touch of comicality to his outbursts. He presided at the annual competitive Conservatory examinations, and got a notion into his head that he had a peculiarly bland manner of dealing with unsuccessful candidates for prizes. How far he was correct may be gathered from the following narrative. A pupil made his appearance, and sang a grand air with a fine voice and great technical certainty, to the delight of those who heard him. Unfortunately, his personal appearance was ridiculous; he was short, ill-proportioned, flat-nosed, with a mouth extending from ear to ear. The examiners hesitated, looked at each other, and ended by refusing a prize to one so grotesque. "Let me arrange the matter," said Cherubini to his colleagues, "and send our young friend to me in my private room; I will break the news carefully to him; I will gild the pill." A quarter of an hour afterwards, the young aspirant was ushered into Cherubini's presence. "Ah! my dear sir! you have a magnificent voice—superb! The board are charmed with it—in ecstasies!" The pupil's breast swelled with hope. "But," continued Cherubini, "they cannot award you a prize; they are sorry, very sorry—but you must understand it is impossible they can establish a monkey-theatre on purpose for you."

On one occasion, Cherubini was induced to be present at the first performance of an opera. It was only after immense pressing that he consented, "because," says M. Monselet, "the success of others, especially if young, never failed to stir up his bile." During the first two acts, he gave no sign either of approbation or the reverse. He appeared to be suffering his martyrdom with resignation. In the third act, however, he was suddenly roused from his torpidity, and applauded quite alone, a duet. "Why, *maestro*," observed one of those around him, "how can you applaud a piece so cold, so colourless! the worst in the opera?" "Hush!" replied Cherubini, his eyes sparkling with malice; "if I did not applaud, he might cut it out!"

HAMBURG.—It is proposed to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Philharmonic Society by three grand concerts on the 25th, 26th, and 28th September, with programmes selected from the works of Bach, Handel, Gluck, Mozart, Cherubini, Weber, Schumann, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Brahms, &c. Among the leading artists, prominent positions will be assigned to Joseph Joachim, Mmes Joachim and Clara Schumann.



Oh! *sua* Carmen adorata! A murrain on that colonel! I might have had her! Why didn't I take Otto Beard's advice!



Carmen.

Grande curiosité à la Monnaie, où Minnie Hauk abordait le rôle de Carmen. Elle nous a donné une interprétation très personnelle du rôle de la Carmencita, sans rien emprunter à ses devancières.

C'est bien la bohémienne saubage et fantastique, amoureuse et charmante.

On a rétabli les jolis récitatifs que Bizet avait écrits dans sa première partition.

Le public—un peu effarouché d'abord du réalisme, et des audaces de l'artiste—s'est bien vite remis de son émotion et l'a applaudi bruyamment.

Scissors.

WAIFS.

Potsdam now boasts of a respectable operatic company. The season was inaugurated at Spoleto with *L'Africaine*. Sig. Muzio is forming an operatic company for Havannah. Mr Wilhelm Ganz is sojourning with his family at Eastbourne. The Carnival season at the Fenice, Venice, will be inaugurated with *Aida*.

Sig. Giacinto is writing the music to Sig. Borri's new ballet for the Scala, Milan.

Mad. Ristori is said to intend giving a series of performances at the San Carlo, Lisbon.

Verdi's *Aida* and Gounod's *Giulietta e Romeo* will be given for the first time at Nice next season.

Mdlle D'Angeri will appear next month as *Aida*, *Valentine*, *Fidelio*, and *Leonore*, at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Herr J. J. Bott, formerly Royal Prussian Chapelmaster, now pensioned, will open a School of Music on the 1st October in Magdeburg.

Goldmark's symphony, *Ländliche Hochzeit*, was recently played at St Petersburg by Langenbach's Orchestra, and produced a favourable impression.

Sig. Luigi Camerana, composer of *Gabriello Chiabrerà* and *Don Fabiano dei Corbelli*, has terminated another opera, *La Principessa di Cleves*, to be produced in Paris.

Herr Pollini has engaged Mad. Adelina Patti for a short series of performances at the Stadttheater, Hamburg, next January. He has, also, concluded an engagement with Herr Nachbaur.

Sig. Boito's *Mefistofele* has been performed at the Teatro Grande, Brescia, with Signore Borghi-Mamo, Beloff, Signori Campanini and Vidal in the principal parts; Sig. Faccio being conductor.

Preciosa is to be the first "novelty" this season at the Stadt-theater, Vienna. The Academic Vocal Association take part in the performance, if they obtain the sanction of the Academical Senate.

Mr Frank Romer, who is stopping at Wallingford on the Thames, landed, while fishing the other day, a pike weighing over fifteen pounds. The event has created quite a sensation in the neighbourhood.

Two previously unknown documents have been discovered relative to Giovanni Pier Luigi da Palestrina—"Joannes Petrus Pranestinus *Musica Princeps*," as he is described on his tomb—and from them it appears that the disease which carried him off on the 2nd February, 1549, was inflammation of the bowels.

We regret to hear that Dr von Bulow does not see his way to accept the conductorship of next season's Orchestral Concerts. His numerous Glasgow admirers will be glad to learn, however, that it is expected he will give a pianoforte recital here on Friday evening, 22nd November, and most likely another during the month of December. On the 23rd of November he will give a performance in Edinburgh.—*Glasgow Herald*.

The Committee of the Glasgow Orchestral Concerts, I am informed, have offered the post of conductorship to Herr Richter, the celebrated Wagnerian conductor of Vienna, who declined, and to Sir Michael Costa, who also declined. At present the committee are said to be in treaty with Herr Max Bruch and Herr Tausch, of Dusseldorf, and I am informed that Herr Tausch is most likely to be the conductor elect. Regarding his powers as a musician and as the master of an orchestra, I may have something to say later on. For the present I need only add that from all I can hear Tausch is a gentlemanly musician. Signor Randegger, it is said, proposes to go to Glasgow to conduct his wonderfully fine *Fridolin* with solo vocalists—Misses Robertson and De Fonblanque, Messrs Guy and Wadmore.—*Glasgow Herald*.

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